

# The New "King's Highway"

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THE MISSION stations established in California by the Franciscan friars began at San Diego—founded in 1769—and ended at Sonoma, where the last link in the chain—San Francisco de Solano—was established in 1823. It is interesting to note the work of the successors of those pioneer missionaries along the same line to-day.

At first thought the differences seem far more than the resemblances. For background then were untrodden trails and the roving Indian tribes, 700,000 of whom made it the most densely settled section of the continent. To-day, superb roads of all kinds have annihilated time and distance, and Orientals and Europeans jostle modern Americans at every step.

For the few Mission stations of less than a century ago, one is scarcely out of the sight of church spires along the whole line; for the activities then centering around the Missions, there are world-centers of commerce with arms outreaching to all lands. For one dominant church, every organized force of the Kingdom has representatives, while

schools of all grades supply the lack so prominent a hundred years ago. And still there is need of Christly ministrations, of heroic self-sacrifice, of devoted service.

The limits of this leaflet permit only the story of such Mission stations on the "Highway" of the King of kings as are under the charge of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Beginning where the old "highway" began, at San Diego, we have a deaconess station, with opportunity for probable enlargement when immigration makes an Immigrant Home desirable here.

Our next station bears closest likeness to the mission field of the *padres*, for at Greenville we have work among the Yuma Indians, who first heard the Gospel in their own tongue in 1913. Our mission, where teaching is given through an interpreter, was opened in 1908, and is winning its way somewhat slowly but very surely.

At the "City of the Queen of Angels,"—whose name Americans have shortened to Los Angeles—not far from where the Mission bells still ring in the belfry of "Saint Gabriel, the Archangel," stands Frances De Pauw Industrial School for Spanish-speaking girls. Within its shelter are gathered some sixty girls, ranging in age from babyhood to young womanhood. Orphaned and friendless, refugees from troubled Mexico, girls from more prosperous homes seeking Christian teaching and training—girls of pure Castilian

blood and of almost equally pure Indian blood, with many combinations of the two and with other admixtures — girls with all varieties of instincts, of hopes, of character — and all to be taught, developed, led to higher, better things—it is a task to stagger faith, to baffle hope, to test consecration. Its fulfillment requires sympathetic help and earnest prayers from every member of the Society that is responsible, under God, for the success of the work.

The Deaconess Home in the same city must not be overlooked, for it stands, indeed, on “the King’s highway,” along which pass myriads of restless, wandering feet, indexes of still more restless, wandering hearts.

The chain of Franciscan Mission stations ended near the present city of San Francisco. What a mission field to-day! How the tides of all the world meet and mingle in its streets! How they swirl in eddies of sin and shame, how they sweep in magnificent currents of enterprise and courage and effort for God and man! In no city is there more need of such splendid work as is done under the direction of our Deaconess Department through its National Training-school and Deaconess Home.

In no city of the continent, moreover, is there equal opportunity to give the hand of sisterly kindness to the women of the Orient, or to shelter and bless and help the children with “funny little eyes cut bias,” who are soon to be American home-makers. “No nation rises higher

than its homes." What better can we do not only for the Chinatowns and the Japanese sections of America, but for those marvelous lands of the East just waking into new life, than to train wives and mothers for Christian homes?

The Chinese girls who are residents in our Oriental Home are like girls everywhere, and they deserve and receive care and patience and love. But there is another side to the life of our workers in that Home, a side of which little is said or written, but which demands courage and sacrifice not always called for in missionary work. It is the unforeseen that makes life anything but monotonous here. To lie listening for the doorbell to which your quick answer may mean life and happiness instead of torture and death—that is responsibility. Think of waiting all night for a girl whose escape from slavery had been arranged, only to learn in the morning that she had been caught and dragged back—to what, you do not want to think—when only a block from the Home! The task also involves explorations in Chinatown, under police protection, and taking thence girls for whose rescue the worker's very life is in danger.

Across the street from the Home stands a fine, large building, a public school for Oriental children. But the fact that among our girls are those who have been rescued from lives of slavery makes it unwise, to say the least, to avail ourselves of the privileges of this city school. Ostracism, or scorn, or sim-

ply to be singled out as different from others, is no less painful and injurious to children than to adults.

Still another phase of the work here gives perplexity and trouble. What shall be done with our girls when they get old enough to support themselves? No one wants them in stores or factories, in hospitals or homes. A single incident speaks volumes in this matter. Special art training was given one of the Home girls, her work being of such excellence that it won place in the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. The hope and expectation were that she would be an acceptable teacher of art in the public schools for her own race. When she was fully prepared, the matter was presented to the "powers that be" in the Board of Education of the city of San Francisco, and was met with an emphatic gesture and the reply, "No Chinese shall teach in the schools of San Francisco so long as I have authority over them."

It is still a "far cry" to the realization of the brotherhood of man, and we still have need to pray the Master's prayer, "That they all may be one."

The Japanese are more fortunate, for in spite of much prejudice a demand exists for Japanese-speaking girls in stores and elsewhere. Not only the happy little people in the Kindergarten, and the sweet-faced girls of older growth, but Japanese women share in the blessings of our Ellen Stark Ford Home. Steamers from Japan are met by our workers, weddings are celebrated in the Home, and it

is a place of safety for many a troubled woman-heart, as well as for the girls who are its "very own." From babyhood to womanhood—so runs its gamut of life and responsibility—and blessed are they who make it possible.

At the Immigrant Station on Angel Island, in San Francisco harbor, alien women of many races, European as well as Oriental, are met by the handclasp of sisterhood and the word of cheer or advice that may change all the rest of their lives. But such records are kept in full only by the Recording Angel.

When the northernmost Franciscan Mission was established, Fray Junipero Serra, its founder, wrote, "Thanks be to God that now our Father, St. Francis, with the holy professional cross of missions, has reached the last limit of the Californian continent. To go farther we must have boats." To-day the King's "highway" extends beyond the Arctic Circle, and our own mission stations are well advanced on the line. Happy are they who share the "stately steppings forth" of the King of kings along this "Road of the Loving Heart."

Woman's Home Missionary Society  
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50 or less, 6c.; 50 to 100, 10c.